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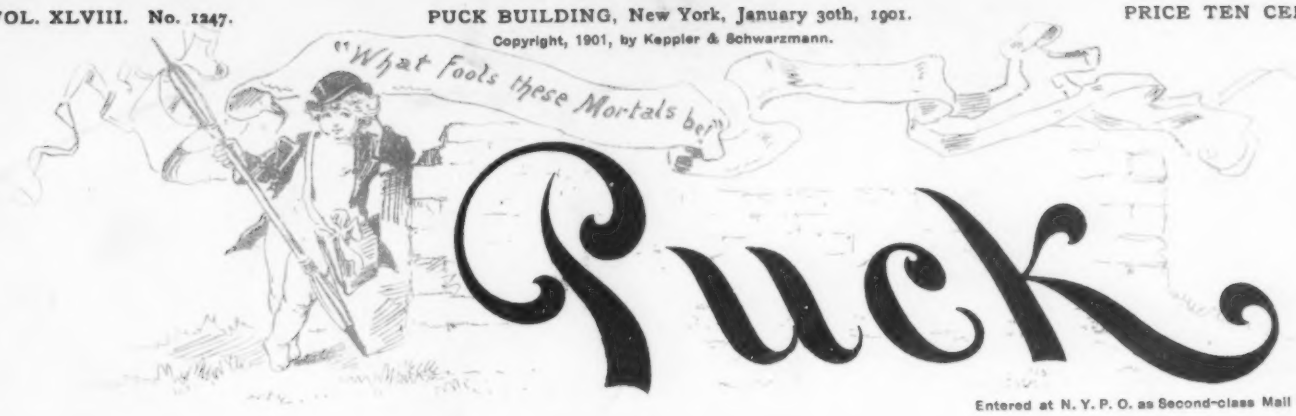

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THE ENDLESS SEARCH.

PONCE DE LEON. — They laugh at me, but they still keep it up!

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PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXXXVIII.

ONE OF THE JOHNS THAT PULL THE STRINGS WHEN CROKER IS AWAY.

TIME TO REFORM.

MRS. NARRERBRANE *(of Punkinville)*.— Joshua, I 'm agoin' tew start a crusade against the vice in this here miniature Sodom!

MR. NARRERBRANE.— Vice? Haw! Haw! The only vice I know uv round here is down tew Hi Oakley's blacksmith shop.

MRS. NARRERBRANE *(severely)*.— Joshua Narrerbrane, this is no jokin' matter. Kin yew deny thet Jason Hardshell's son Rube wuz n't seen smokin' a cigarette a week ago last Friday evenin'? or thet thet heathen Sam Badgely did n't put up his outside winders last Sunday mornin'? or thet Sally Peters did n't say she 'd like ter be a actress? No siree! They 're all glarin' truths!

THE NEWS.

She was trembling like a startled fawn.

"Papa," she faltered, "is furious because you kissed me at parting, last night!"

"How comes he to know of it?" demanded the youth, paling.

"Oh! as luck would have it, he read the society news in the *World* and *Journal* this morning!" exclaimed the distraught girl, her voice sinking to a terrified whisper.

THE RESULT OF HIS PLEA.

"And do you think," asked his friend, "that your remonstrances will have any effect?"

"Well," said the Chinese statesman, "the European generals have promised that, in future, their troops will be more moderate in their atrocities."

A HORSELESS EPISODE.

EDITOR.— Were there any novel features connected with that automobile collision?

REPORTER.— No. Two coachmen and five women all hollered, "Whoa!"

IT LOOKS SERIOUS.

"General MacArthur says the continued resistance in the Philippines is due to ethnological homogeneity."

"Well, we 'll overcome it; but, I must say, I never supposed we 'd run up against anything like that."

THE BOERS would have been beaten long ago if they did not always have their trusty last ditch to fall back upon.

REJECTED BY "PUNCH."

(Because of its lack of explanatory italics.)

MISS MARY *(to* CHARLES, *whom she does not like, and who has an extremely bald head, utterly destitute of hair and shining like a billiard ball, gazing very pointedly at his bald head)*.— I don't like bald-headed people!

CHARLES *(who is very fond of* MISS MARY *and often wonders as to the state of her feelings toward him, feeling his bald head, sotto voce)*.— I wonder if she means me?

TO THE Tammany purifier all things are already pure.

THE BOXERS, also, present an example of strenuous patriotism goring the other ox.

AND HISTORY will record that John Bull arranged a triumphal celebration and then woke up.

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POOR PAPA?

MARJORIE.— I love Harold, dearly, but I 'm afraid Papa will never hear of my marrying him.

ESTELLE.— Poor old chap — how disappointed he will be!

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A HARD TASK.

MR. KERRIGAN. — Kape shtill foive minutes, for th' love av hivin!

MRS. KERRIGAN. — Phat fer?

MR. KERRIGAN. — Oi want to give this moind-cure book a fair thrial. Oi want to see can Oi convince mesilf thot there is no such thing ez matrimony!

ALTOGETHER LIKELY.

"Say, Bill," said the off-horse, earnestly; "if the Deluge occurred now, do you suppose Noah would ignore us entirely and take on board a couple of automobiles?"

PHILOSOPHY is a grate in which wet wood burns cheerfully.

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QUITE SECURE.

MR. TUSKLEIGH. — Will you accompany me to the opera at the Jungle Theatre, to-night?

MISS ELEPHANTE. — With pleasure. Have you secured the seats?

MR. TUSKLEIGH. — Yes, indeed; — I've had four extra iron supports placed under them!

THE WITCH (A. D. 1901).

A WITCH once dwelt at a certain place
On a certain street in a certain town;
And far about for a wonderful space
Was spread her high renown.
And many a man who sought her gate
(Her principal visitors were men)
To learn his fortune and read his fate
Was never the same again.

Not old was she like the storied witch
Of broomstick flight and of Salem lore.
Her form with the bloom of health was rich,
Her years were scarce a score.
Her eyes were roguish, her lips were red,
In cheeks and chin the dimples played;
From her slender foot to her saucy head
A winning and winsome maid.

But the charms she used sound just as queer
As any employed by withered dame:
A sigh, a blush, and a shell-pink ear —
A glance of lambent flame —
A silvery laugh and a dainty hand —
A lock of hair where the sunbeams lurk —
What manner of mortal can long withstand
With spells like these at work?

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She ruled supreme till there came a youth
Asking his future, weal or woe,
(A master magician he was, in truth,
For this is how I know):
While the neighbors peered with might and main
He carried her off in a coach and pair
To a castle snug in Paradise Lane,
Where they live to-day, I swear.

Edwin L. Sabin.

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THEY EXCHANGE VIEWS.

THE RABBIT. — Well, a rabbit's foot is considered luckier than a crow's foot.

THE CROW. — Mere prejudice, my friend — mere prejudice!

A. D. 2000.

(Special to PUCK.*)*

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 2, 2000. — Great preparations are being made for the début in society of Miss Bridget Garribaldi, the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Garribaldi. Mr. Garribaldi is the President of the Peanut Trust, and is many times a billionaire. The gorgeous $25,000,000,000 palace of the family, built on the site of the old Vanderbilt and Astor estates, is undergoing decoration by the well-known florists Van Rensselaer & Stuyvesant, of New York. Fish & Gould, the caterers, will serve the buffet lunch, while Lispenard & Livingston will provide the dance-music. The débutante's gown was made at the well-known modiste establishment of Madame Waldorf d'Astorgia. Jacob Vanderbilt, the aged butler, who has been in the service of the family for over half a century, said to-day that the following members of the younger set had been invited: The Misses Rachel and Lena O'Brien; Roxanne McCann; Mary Ellen Santiago; Norah Green Bibbey, the distinguished novelist; Pasquale O'Shaughnessy; Giuseppe Bamberger; Murtagh Pulaski; Maxime Gomez Kelly; Felippe McGurk; George Washington Levinsky; Wah Lee Murphy, the amateur golf champion; and Israel Don Juan McCarty, the Rough Rider.

FURTHER CONJECTURE UNNECESSARY.

THE MINKS she wears her mother wore
When *she* was young. At twenty-four
If I could feel in these old furs
One-half the daughter's charms were hers
I 'm sure that I could love her more.

And if I thought, as years progress
The girl will doff her loveliness
And wear one-half her mother's frowns,
As now she wears her furs and gowns,
I 'm sure that I would love *her* less.

POSTSCRIPT.

The writing 's on another wall
It seems. Yea! mine — a modish scrawl,
And little reck I what she wears
Since Mother — hers, of course — declares
That I shall love her not at all!

Edward W. Barnard

UP IN ARMS.

"Oh! There 's a terrible row in our church! The congregation is hopelessly split."

"What is the trouble?"

"Why, at our last progressive euchre Sister Bowers was accused of not following suit!"

SWEET DREAMS.

PLUMBER'S WIFE. — What are you dreaming about? Are you building castles in the air?

PLUMBER. — Better than that! I was mending plumbing in castles in the air!

BEFORE a man can rise superior to circumstances he must first rise superior to himself.

PROGRESSIVE ECONOMY.

MRS. BARGYN-HUNTER. — Why, I saved seventeen dollars by buying those goods!

HER HUSBAND. — You don't happen to have the seventeen?

MRS. BARGYN-HUNTER. — Of course not!

HER HUSBAND. — I thought not. If you had, you 'd spend it and save some more.

A SINE QUA NON.

RURAL VISITOR. — Now, would n't you be better off working on a farm?

MULCAHEY. — Mebbe so; but how the divil cud I wor-rk on a farm an' live in New York?

HE TOOK THE HINT.

JAKE *(timidly)*. — I wish I knowed what yeou would do if I should steal a kiss, Miss Linda.

MISS LINDA *(coyly)*. — 'T would n't take no great while to find out, Jake.

CONDITIONAL ADMIRATION.

ISAACS. — By Shove! I admire der man vot purns his pridges behint him!

COHENSTEIN. — Vell, dot 's all righd if he 's got dem inzured.

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SHE COULD YEARN.

HER COUSIN. — You 'd like to leave school? Why, you 're too young to do such a thing!

THE SCHOOL-GIRL. — Well, I 'm not too young to wish I could.

"OPEN WIDE THE GATES!"

IN FORMER DAYS the profession of authorship was something in the nature of a close corporation. Only those persons who had trained themselves to write became authors, and, as there was little money to be made, many of them died by the way, leaving nothing behind but real literature. But, though they did not gain wealth, they gained fame, sometimes before, more often after death; and persons in different walks in life became envious and said, "Who remembers the successful grocer a hundred years after he is dead? But Spenser, who was only a poet, has been remembered hundreds of years. If this dabbling in ink leads to imperishable fame, why, let us dabble!" And they have dabbled.

In the old times, when to be an author meant many years of service in the cause of art, soldiers and haberdashers and hardware dealers were shut out of the charmed ranks, but now, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, the barriers have been broken down, and to become an author is merely to have bound some hundred sheets between cloth or boards and to have gained the imprint of a publisher. And the field is the world's.

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AN ASSURANCE.

"You 'll help me over?"
"Yes'm! I 'll be just as careful as if you was young an' good-lookin'!"

In criticising the first novel of a dry goods merchant, it is not fair to judge him by the same canons that one applies to a novel by a Meredith or a Barrie. The wonder is that he can do it at all, and he should be congratulated and received with open arms. Some authors of the old kind were really fit for nothing else. They might write a masterpiece like "Vanity Fair" or "Tom Jones," but they were not capable of working. They would not have earned their salt as salesmen in a department store. Why, then, the merchant who can write a salable novel is much more of a fellow than a mere literary man. That is why these modern novels, written by carpenters and dealers in painters' supplies, are such successes. The world admires versatility, and if a man who is a first-rate plumber six days in the week can write a novel on his holidays and Sundays, his book ought to enter every home — like the postman.

We may look for book notices like this in the future:

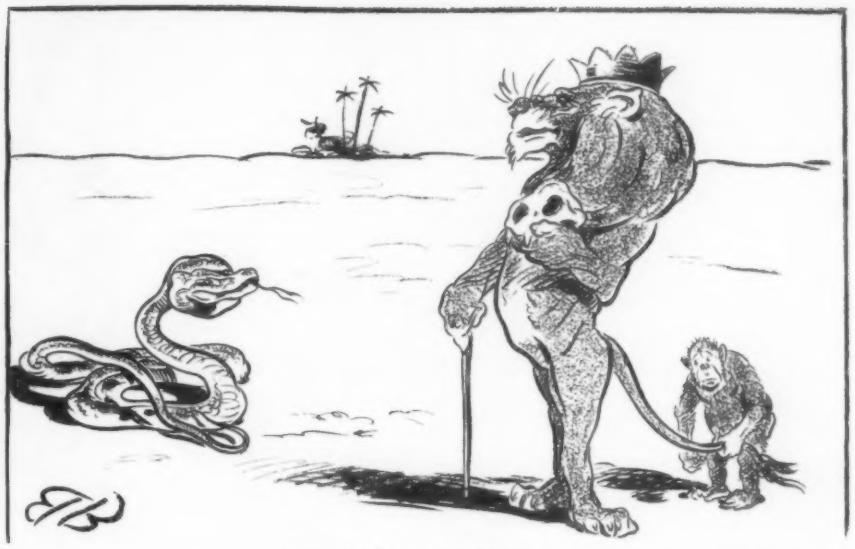
"'She Faded So Soon,' by the author of 'Fast Colors, or Nailed to the Mast,' is considered by the leading dry goods experts to be the very best novel of adventure ever written by a white goods man. It has already exceeded in sales 'December Drivel,' by the talented buyer of Tord & Laylor's, and Mr. Robert Louis Percales, who wrote it entirely in parlor-cars while on the road, has just been unanimously elected to membership in the Merchant-Author's Club. The pen is as mighty as the yard-stick."

And criticisms will run something as follows:

From the *Oil and Paint Chronicle:* "Lafcadio Hearn himself never wrote anything more full of color than the third chapter of Fenimore Stensill's new novel, 'Painting the Lily.' Seventy-five different shades are mentioned by Mr. Stensill, who, before he took up writing as a means of adding to his livelihood, was the foreman in Brown & Green's paint-shop. Mr. Stensill has not Mrs. Humphrey Ward's psychological insight, nor the subtlety of Henry James, but as a handler of colors he is almost a Rubens, and certainly no dealer in paints ever wrote with a tithe of his force. He will make many mere authors look to their laurels, and we are glad to record that his royalties for the last month are equal to the profits of a whole season in the paint business. Art is kind to her devotees who can handle a quick and clever brush."

Yes; the gates are down! Come in and write, everyone!

Charles Battell Loomis.



THE ROYAL DECREE.

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THE LION.— Know you not that I am king of beasts?

THE SNAKE.— But, Your Majesty, I am not up on etiquette. What should I do?

THE LION.— Crawl, my slimy friend — crawl!

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HIS OPINION.

"Oh! I 've looked at folks playin' golf."
"An' you did n't see anything hard about the game?"
"No; except I 'd think it was hard to git interested in it."

FOR THE MINSTRELS.

BONES.— Whar am de safes' place to take a cold?

TAMBO.— Whar am de safes' place, etc.

BONES.— Why, to de doctor's, of course.

AN EXPERT.

GRACE DARLING.— Is Harry Singleton a good skater?

DOLLY DEERING.— Perfectly lovely! He had to hug me six or seven times to keep me from falling.

IN BOSTON.

"When I grow up," said the first boy, "I hope to be a physician. Is it not noble to spend one's life in curing the ills to which flesh is heir?"

"True," said his kind-hearted little companion; "but it does seem cruel to kill the poor little microbes."

TAKING it year in and year out, the easiest way to get money is to earn it.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND paced impatiently for hours after midnight up and down the cheerless bedroom floor. He was fretful and lonely, for his wife had taken her first post-nuptial trip away from him. She would be away a whole week, a whole week of loneliness and anxiety. He pictured her equally — even more — distressed at the separation. Outside, to accentuate his misery, the rain streamed down in an unending torrent. The wind whistled a lugubrious wail as an accompaniment to his feelings, and the thunder put in a few well-chosen orchestral effects.

The door-bell began to ring violently just as the clock struck two. Mr. Younghusband listened with mixed joy and fear. His wife, perhaps. His eager ear heard the janitor, sleepy and grumbling, open the door.

A messenger-boy, dripping and soaked, stood without the portal as the janitor unbolted the door. He handed a saturated envelope to the janitor: "Mr. Younghusband."

"Anything important?"

"Naw, 't ain't nothin'! A woman says her heart is breakin' for him in Boston."

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IN COLONIAL DAYS.

"And they tell me the Reverend Ebenezer Softheart doth grow stranger in his preaching every day."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He doth now avow openly that witches should not be burned."

LITERATURE.

"The palm is not for me!"

Her thin, patrician lip quivered now.

"I have been doing literary work for more than three months," she faltered; "and in all that time I have produced but two novels which sold upwards of a million copies! Moreover, I have passed the zenith of my powers, for to-morrow I shall be seventeen!"

She could restrain her tears no longer, but wept bitterly to think of suicide or housework.

DEFIANCE.

"Upon my soul! —"

The protest died upon his lips as he beheld the fierce aspect of the woman his wife.

"How dare you call your soul your own?" she shrieked, frenziedly.

A RACONTEUR is a Liar with Social Prestige.

THE MONKEY AND THE BOTTLE OF INK.

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JOCKO.—Whew! There I've gone done it! Upset his ink-bottle and the ink running all on the carpet.

"Oh! That's lucky! It all went in that shoe.

A "SELF-MADE" TRAIT.

THE SHEEP. — You weigh seven hundred pounds? My! You must be proud.

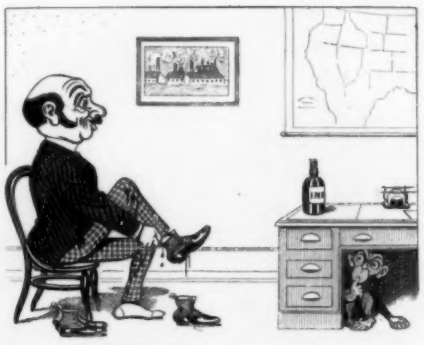
THE HOG. — I am. And you must remember I am an entirely self-made hog, too!

THE FINAL RESULT.

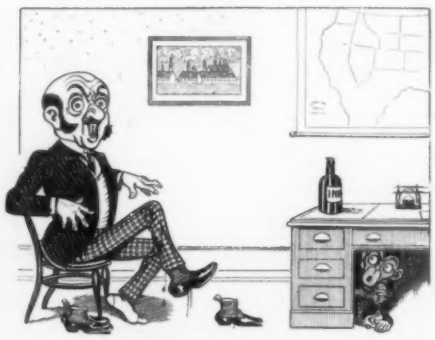
"I suppose our traffic with savage tribes is carried on by barter?"

"Oh, yes! It consists in trading civilization for real estate."

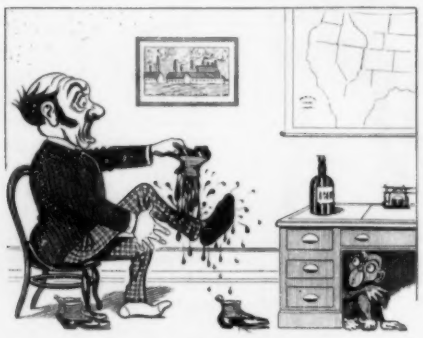
"I'll put these shoes over here away from the table, and the ink will dry up."



THE MASTER (*on his return*).—Ah! It feels good to get the old shoes on again!



"Goodness me! What is the matter with this shoe? It feels full of water. I will have to investigate.



"What is this? INK!!***!!!**!!!—— That monkey!

"You——!——!!***!!!—— Just wait till I catch you! Take that!

"No; don't take him to the Zoölogical Gardens. Give him to some Italian organ-grinder who will treat him as he deserves."

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE MAGIC SALTS.

SCIENCE HAS not had due credit for its poetry. Not all scientists are poets, of course, yet some of the dreamiest, daringest poets have had their training in the laboratory, and find their inspiration in its retorts and tubes and symbols and chemical rhythms. Take the little matter of living forever. We are too sadly wise nowadays to search for the blessed secret of it poetically, as the Spanish adventurer did four hundred years ago. Nor, patent medicine advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding, do we hope to happen upon it in some such compound as Balsam Bitters for Bilious People. We view as pure poetry of the camera the astounding change wrought in the person of Ezra Hankinson of Dowagiac, Michigan, as portrayed by the two likenesses of him taken before and after his absorption of "six bottles of your magic remedy" at the suggestion of a perspicacious neighbor. But let the real scientists talk of cheating death, and we are held; and nowadays they are the only ones that do talk of it. Sometimes it is a lymph; sometimes a serum. Just now it 's a salt. It barely lacks perfection, but the missing condition is to be divined next week, or the week after. And one thing, at any rate, has eternal youth, — and that is the belief in its possibility; which is, perhaps, quite as wonderful as the thing itself would be. It dresses more soberly, but age has not given it one wrinkle since Ponce de Leon brought it over for our entertainment.

W. C. T. U. METHODS.

MORE THAN once has PUCK found occasion to deplore the radical and somewhat spectacular ways of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. What good end was served, for example, by its ruthless exposure during the late campaign of President McKinley's regrettable weakness for rum, and for the low, coarse men that distil it? Providence was deaf to every link of its prayer chain, and a distressing scandal was added to an already distressing surplus of them. And now an evangel of the organization has undertaken personally to wreck every saloon in the prohibition State of Kansas. As she will suffer a term of imprisonment for each achievement, and as Kansas has almost as many drinking places as Maine, the determination of this lady savors of the Quixotic. And almost as many discouragements confront the other latest crusade of this body. The platform thereof, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Caroline M. Woodward of the Chicago W. C. T. U., is sternly sweeping and simple: "Kissing between young men and women should be discouraged." The difficulty here, we apprehend, will be, as with the liquor habit, that legislation will not avail. The reform must be achieved by persuasion of the individual. And here, again, as with the liquor habit, the greatest difficulty will be experienced with those who believe that moderate kissing is not necessarily harmful; — those specious ones who contend that they can take a kiss or let it alone; that they could stop to-morrow if they chose. And then will be found those other obstructionists, those hale persons able to read fine print at the age of ninety or a hundred, who will aver that they owe their longevity to a reasonable amount of kissing in the days of their youth. In extending these hints to the elderly members of the W. C. T. U. we would be clearly understood to refrain from passing in any way upon the merits of the crusade itself.

THE FAMILIAR PLAGUE.

THE SMALL-POX scare in New York points a suggestive moral. There have been, perhaps, a hundred cases of the disease, and less than twenty deaths. Yet the whole city has been frightened and will remain in more or less of a panic until the disease is stamped out. Another disease that should be more terrifying than small-pox, but which is with us year in and year out, creates no scare at all. Contagious like small-pox, and fatal to a far greater per centage of its victims, it takes off nine thousand people in this city each year. And the whole nine thousand deaths cause less public excitement than do ten deaths from small-pox. And if the source of the present run of small-pox were traced to some specific spot or condition, it is certain that that spot or condition would be cleansed or remedied without delay. The whole city would arise and demand it. In the case of the more deadly disease, however, the conditions that feed it are accepted as a matter of course. If tuberculosis came as suddenly as small-pox does, or worked as quickly, it would cause an infinitely greater panic. The public would demand to be protected from its contagion, and a strong popular movement would set in for the abatement of such conditions as chiefly produce it. In that event, in the event of the public mind grasping the significance of this ever-present plague, and the truth that it, like small-pox, is contagious, the tenement-house question would be answered with great promptness. The testimony of physicians before the State Tenement-House Commission has shown that the tenement-houses are the centres where the disease breeds and whence the contagion spreads. A majority of the people living in tenement-houses have tuberculosis in some form. If it were the less deadly small-pox how long would they be let to live there? How long before their rookeries would be torn down? There are many reasons why those with the capital to do so should take steps to eradicate this greater plague. And self-defence heads the list. The germs of tuberculosis are magnificently catholic. More than one family of wealth in New York to-day draws its revenue and its consumption from the same row of tenements. Nature has grim notions of equilibrium.

WHAT USUALLY HAPPENS.

MR. REIDER *(with paper)*. — I see that De Wet is cornered again.

MRS. REIDER. — I wonder how many British troops he 'll capture this time?

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE.

"Was the author of the play hissed?"

"Not much! When he came before the curtain he brought the pugilist with him who played the leading rôle."

A TERRIBLE PENALTY.

"Why," said the first Chinaman, "every Christian who knows anything about China is writing a book."

"Perhaps," said his friend, — and he shuddered, — "perhaps the Powers may compel us to read them!"

THE SITUATION in South Africa indicates that a war may continue some time after it is over.

PRINCE TUAN may not realize it, but it is quite possible that he is slowly but surely forcing a slice of China on us.

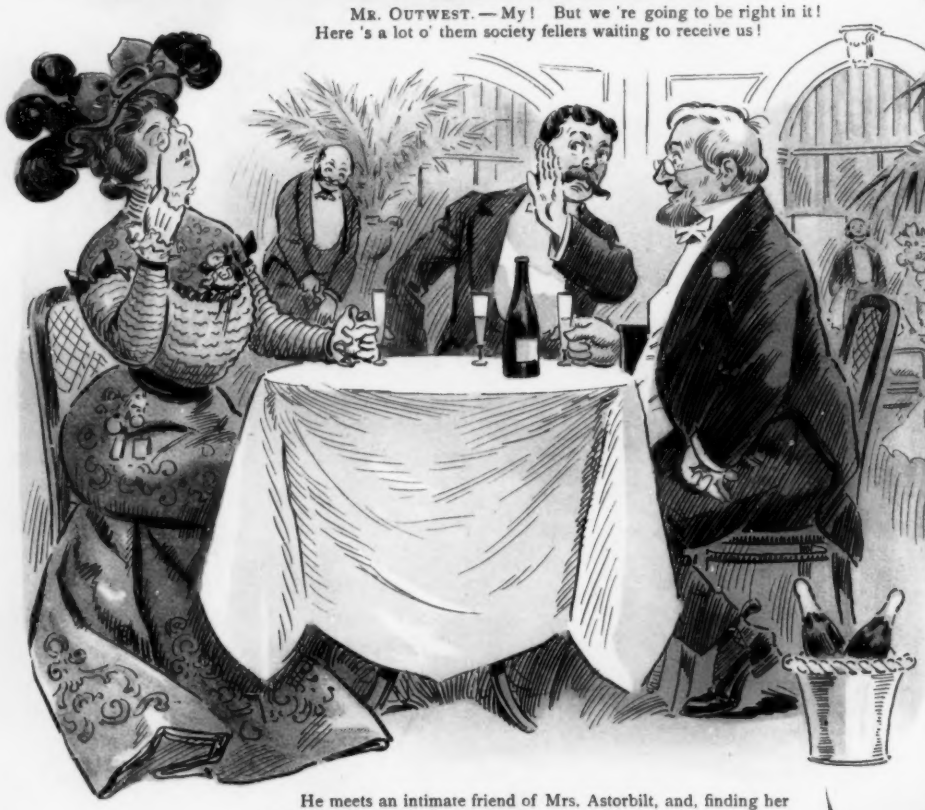
STAYING THE VANDAL.

THE OUTWEST FAMILY ARRIVES.

MR. OUTWEST.—My! But we 're going to be right in it! Here 's a lot o' them society fellers waiting to receive us!

AS TO THE HEAD WAITER.

"S-h, Marthy! That there is Mr. 'Walledoff' himself!"



He meets an intimate friend of Mrs. Astorbilt, and, finding her fond of wine, he does the right thing.

The family attends the ni
members of the "400" affabl

HE ENCOUNTERS THE "WALLEDOFF" NOBILITY.

"Marthy, this is the Duke de Beete that I just got acquainted with in the café. He says he don't mind taking dinner with us."

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INTO SOCIETY VIA THE

'alledoff.'

THE REGULAR SOCIAL AMENITIES IN THE CAFÉ.
"That must be one o' them college cane-rushes we read about. I 'm in great luck!"

He finds the place full of benevolent gentlemen who are anxious to make him fabulously rich over night.

he family attends the nightly social function, and finds the ers of the "400" affable and chummy.

THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN.
CHORUS OF AWE-STRUCK NATIVES.— Gosh! They been to the "Walledoff!"

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. N.Y.

VIA THE "WALLEDOFF."

THE OWL SPEAKS.

I.

IN THE moonlight's fanciful mist
When the elves and the fairies arouse,
And the listless leaf is kissed
By the breeze in its mad carouse;

II.

Each night when the moon peeps over
A certain branch of a tree,
A maiden and her lover
Come hither quietly.

III.

From the hollow elm my nest
Looks down on a rustic settle,
And there the lovers rest,
And then show I my mettle;

IV.

For I look straight out in the night
From my nest in the hollow elm,
Not a quaver to left or right,
My Honor is at the helm!

V.

Each night when the moon peeps over
A certain branch of a tree,
A maiden and her lover
Walk homeward haltingly.

VI.

My conscience then permitting,
In quick pursuit I fade—
In research unremitting
As to how *those sounds* are made!

Peter Curran.

CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR.

"It 's all right for a person to have a sense of humor," writes the editor of the *Ruralville Itemizer*, "but sometimes one can carry it too far. For the last ten days this office has been deluged with letters and circulars soliciting us to buy one of those new-fangled cash registers, and we are tolerably certain that some waggish friend here in Ruralville has sic'd the manufacturers onto us and is responsible for the deluge. We rather suspect that Si Plunkard, who, besides being an efficient undertaker, is one of the jolliest men on earth, has been up to one of his favorite tricks again; and we want to tell Si that after seeing the picture of one of the things we are convinced that we don't want a cash register. Why, it would n't hold enough turnips or cabbages for a single mess!"

A GENTLE REBUKE.

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"Dere 's only jest one trouble. You can't tell when somebody 'll come along an' disturb yer."

"Dat 's one fault you 've got, pardner. You ain't too lazy ter worry."

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OF COURSE NOT.

MR. SUBBUBS.—Confound it, Mary, shut off that furnace register. How do you suppose I am going to keep this room warm with these lamps if that thing is continually blowing in cold air?

THE DISTINCTION.

FRIEND.—You really believe there are good dreams and bad dreams?

FORTUNE-TELLER.—Oh, yes! The good dreams are those which people pay to have interpreted; the others are no good.

IN THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

CHOLLY.—I wead an article in the papah that said that the size of families in this country was getting much smaller lately. It kind of makes a man glad he was bohn, don't it?

REGGY.—Aw, I dunno. Why?

CHOLLY.—Because if he was n't already bohn the pwospects are that he would n't be, don't you know.

DID N'T THINK IT FAIR.

FIRST HORSE.—You don't know why they muzzled you? You must have tried to bite somebody.

SECOND HORSE.—Yes; but it was n't the man who muzzled me!

HIS HUSTLING WAY.

"She started to say somethnig about a kiss, and—"

Young Huggins grinned in well warranted appreciation of his own acuteness.

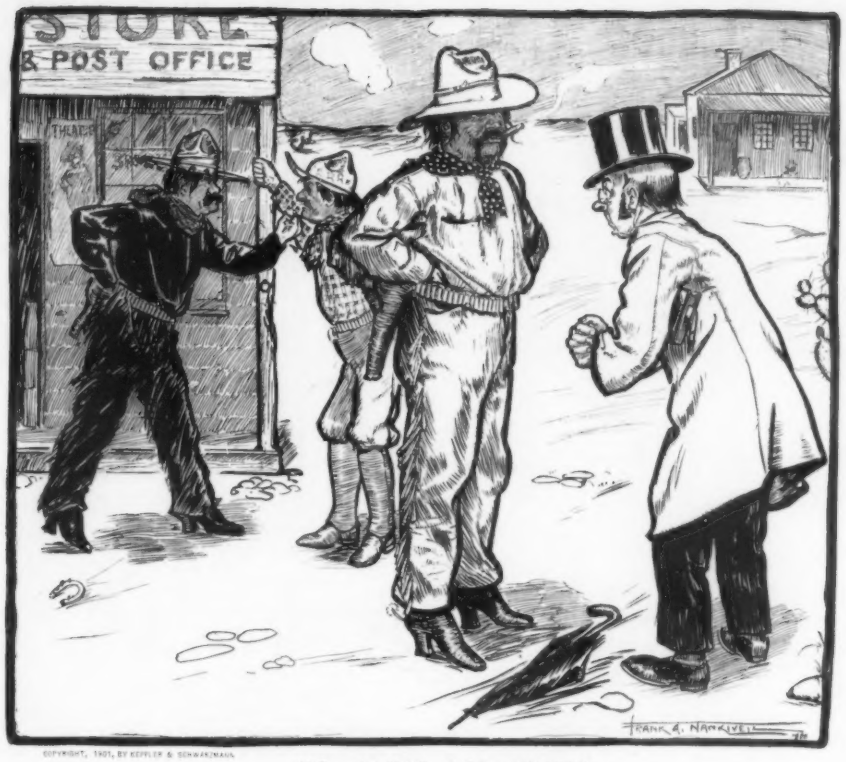
"—I took the words right out of her mouth."

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

DRUMMER.—So your town is growing rapidly, eh?

SMITHFIELD CITIZEN.—You just bet she is! Why, we 've already changed the name of our business street from "Front" to "Main!"

IT WOULD be a great boon if the average schoolboy had been provided with an intellect which would enable him to study all his lessons in five minutes.



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NO CAUSE FOR WORRY.

TOURIST *(in Frozen Dog)*.— Heavens! Those two cowboys are quarreling violently and drawing their revolvers!

BRONCO BILL.— Don't worry, Podner! They 're only making a bluff at fighting, so as to accidentally shoot a few holes in your plug hat!

SAYINGS OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

(Translated into English prose.)

Let us have another ball.

Ah! That touches the right spot!

Alas! Life is not one continuous jag!

'T is a wise man that knows his own keyhole.

Have one on me!

Set 'em up again!

Call zis a load, Beloved? Zis — hic — ain't half a load!

Wherefore is man so prone to thirst?

But why should I repine? I might have been a Prohibitionist.

Yes, it 's — hic — it 's me, Beloved. Throw down the latchkey.

Whazzer mazzer?

'T is love, Beloved, that makes the world go round; yet, not love alone. I have known mixed drinks to do it.

Whoop! Let 's make a night of it!

Let me apologize, Beloved, for the disgraceful condition in which I came home last night. The fact is — Oh, well, if you won't listen to me! —

No, sir! I 've sworn off. Have n't touched a drop for four days!

Don't care 'f I do!

Le's have one more round on the house!

CRITICISM.

FIRST DUCK.— I think that young drake is very stupid.

SECOND DUCK.— Oh, yes! He does n't know enough to stay out when it rains.

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

FIRST LAWYER.— I 'm afraid our position is untenable.

SECOND LAWYER.— Well, perhaps we can hold it long enough to get our fees.

IT IS a good modern business maxim that there are just as silly suckers in the sea as were ever taken in out of it.

POOR GAS.

The Agrarian was furiously angry.

"Your gas," he thundered, in dialect, "is so infernally poor that it did n't even give me a headache, when I blew it out last night, let alone asphyxiating me!"

The proprietor of the New York hostelry winced at this and hastily offered to deduct something from the bill, evidently hoping thus to keep the affair out of the newspapers.

EXPERT OPINIONS.

"Yes; and there 's another house. But the real estate agent predicts that all these houses will be rented or sold within six months."

"Yes; and the weather prophet predicted that we 'd have clear weather to-day and to-morrow."

PROFESSIONAL CRITICISM.

FIRST ARCTIC EXPLORER.— Don't you think Polehunter is getting a big head?

SECOND ARCTIC EXPLORER.— Decidedly! You 'd think he was the *only* man who did n't reach the Pole!

HOW HE ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

JAMIESON.— Do you mean to say you did n't have buck-fever, but bowled the deer over at the first shot?

VERMILYE.— Well, to tell the truth, I was n't certain but that I was shooting at one of the guides!

THE FIRST QUARREL.

THE BRIDE.— I — I really think I 'm wrong.

MARRIED FRIEND.— But you must n't think of giving in. Your prestige must be maintained.

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A SUGGESTION.

YOUNG MOTHER.— I really don't know why he cries so.

BACHELOR FRIEND.— Perhaps it is his teeth coming through.

YOUNG MOTHER.— No! He is n't teething.

BACHELOR FRIEND.— Maybe it 's his hair coming through that hurts him!

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That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

THE UNIVERSAL EGO.

"Some men," said the quoter, "are born great; some achieve greatness, and —"

"And the great majority," the cynic interrupted, "believe they come under either or both of those heads."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"AN umbrella is a good deal like a fellow's hair," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "if you lose it you seldom get it back again."— *Yonkers Statesman.*

The world-wide appreciation accorded **"Canadian Club" Whisky** is the best testimony as to its intrinsic merit. Its delicate flavour and unmistakable aroma have made it the desired whisky of the connoisseur everywhere.

27

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COMMENT.

"Percy says he would n't marry the best woman living."
"Well, that probably would n't break her heart if she knew it."

Forty years in the market with a constant increase in sales tells the tale for *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

Mountains of work dwindle to mole hills when the body is stimulated by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the great invigorator. Druggists and grocers.

PRACTICABILITY.

"Do you think that the flying-machine can ever be made a practical institution?"

"I don't see why not," answered the man who measures everything by the dollar. "If they can sell stock in Keely motors and processes for getting gold out of sea water I don't see why there should n't be money in flying-machines." —*Washington Star.*

NOT MUCH LEFT.

LADY. – Where is my trunk?

BAGGAGE MAN.— I could n't find any trunk, Mum; but I 've got the handle with the check on.—*New York Weekly.*

WE can think of nothing as utterly hopeless as for two defeated candidates to stand around discussing how it happened.—*Washington Democrat.*

IT takes a good deal longer to wait at the station thirty minutes for a train to start than it does to oversleep that length of time and miss it. — *Indianapolis News.*

A SUBTLE HIT.

BRITTON. — It 's really ridiculous, don't you know, to put the United States in the same clawss with Great Britain. Why, our army and navy could come over here and simply wipe your country off the map!

MISS YANKIE. — What, again? — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

PENELOPE.—Did you see me dancing with the count?

PATRICE.— Yes, I did.

"Well, after a dance we went into the conservatory, and, would you believe it, he kissed me a dozen times!"

"And you allowed it?"

"What could I do?"

"Why, protest."

"What was the use of protesting? He does n't understand a word of English."— *Yonkers Statesman.*

GOLD SEAL

AMERICA'S BEST

Champagne

"Special Dry" "Brut"

Gold Seal can be placed on the table of the most fastidious connoisseur without fear of criticism or comparison with any foreign champagne.

Then why pay twice as much for foreign labels? Ask for it at your club and café. It is for sale everywhere.

Caution! We caution our patrons to beware of charged wines sold as champagne. They are usually an inferior quality of native wine artificially charged with carbonic acid gas.

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AND BRAIN CLEAR.
DRINK IT ON RISING
EVERY MORNING.

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

BIGGER, BUT—

DARKEY *(in astonishment)*.—Yo' say yo' had er biggah flush den him yet he took de pot? Why, how 's dat?

POSSUMTON.—Yo' see he had five clubs an' I had six—ace high—but he diskivered de descrepancy.

NOT SO DELIGHTFUL.

DOWNES.—I tell you Brown is a most delightful fellow when you get him in a reminiscent mood.

UPPERS.—Um-m! Think so?

DOWNES.—Yes. Did n't you ever find him that way?

UPPERS.—Well, I found him in that sort of mood once. He recalled a ten-dollar loan he had made me.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

YOUNG women who marry rich old men run great risks. When the latter die there are always relatives on hand with unpleasant suspicions.—*Wash. Post.*

No grippe, no pneumonia in the early winter, those who build up their systems after the hot season by using *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters.

THERE is only one remedy for toothache, and it hurts.—*Atchison Globe.*

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"THE ONLY KIND
THAT WONT DRY ON THE FACE"

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.
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Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.
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OWING to the many requests for the original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have decided to place them all on sale. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his representative artists framed and on exhibition in his own art-gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.

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Club Cocktails
AT THE
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If you desire to make a reputation amongst your friends as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

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WHEN a man blushes for hard drinking the effort concentrates itself in the middle of his face.—*Ram's Horn.*

BOKER'S BITTERS
The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

MOST colored people never feel hard-up unless there is a minstrel show in town and they are shy the price of a ticket.—*Atchison Globe.*

"A YOUNG fool and his money are soon dissipated," remarked the Observer of Events and Things.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HOT SPRINGS
OF ARKANSAS.

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CRUELLY DECEIVED.

THE TRAMP.—Lady, have yer any wood yer want cut?
THE LADY.—I have.
THE TRAMP *(after recovering himself)*.—E-r—lady, I want ter warn yer against yer next door neighbors—don't trust dem!
THE LADY *(in surprise)*.—What do you know about them?
THE TRAMP.—Dey told me yer burned nothin' but gas and coal. Good day, Ma'am.

HIS GRATEFUL YOUNG FRIENDS.

"A Georgia legislator wants to have all the schools of his State closed for a year."

"I'll bet the Georgia schoolboys will erect a monument to that fellow before they get through."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

WAGGS.—Old Beetem paid me an election bet of five dollars to-day.
WIGGS.—Gee-whizz! That's prompt for him; you're lucky to get it at all. So he bet on Bryan, eh?
WAGGS.—No; on Hancock against Garfield.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

FIRST POOR MAN *(born poor)*.—It takes money to make money.
SECOND POOR MAN *(born rich)*.—Yes; and it takes money to lose money.
—*New York Weekly.*

EXTRAVAGANTLY BEAUTIFUL.

"Miss Frocks is a very pretty girl," said Mr. Hunker.
"Pretty?" repeated Mr. Spatts. "Miss Frocks is handsomer than her own photographs!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

PEACE and plenty are very desirable, but they make times very dull for the hero-worshipers.—*Indianapolis News.*

"SOME FOLKS," said Uncle Eben, "is like persimmons. If you strikes 'em right dey 's fine, but if you 'sturbs 'em when dey ain' ready foh you dah ain' nuffin mo' disagreeable."—*Washington Star.*

HIS ESTIMATE.

THE SALT.—I dunno as I ever handled a gun in my life.
THE SPORTSMAN.—You did n't?
THE SALT.—No; but I think I've shot purty near as many ducks as some fellers that go huntin' 'em.

5¢ will Buy a Pathfinder CIGAR

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is the title of a daintily printed and instructive booklet about home picture taking, which has just been issued by the Kodak Press. The illustrations are all from the Kodak of **Mr. Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.,** and include a number of his most charming studies of child life. *Free at the Kodak dealers' or by mail.*

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I sent for the doctor, because I was sick,
Had headache and no appetite,
And pains in my stomach whatever I ate;
No matter if only one bite.

He looked at me gravely and shook his wise head
And said, "If you 'll follow my rules,
You 'll go to the druggist as fast as you can,
For a box of Ripans Tabules."

I did as he told me, and praises I sing
To R.I.P.A.N.S! I 'll publish their fame!
For after one box I was not my old self —
A new man, as it were, I became!

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TIRESOME.

Some lectures certainly are long,
But most of those we deem so
Are really not so long at all —
It 's merely that they seem so.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

OPIUM and **Liquor Habit** cured in **10** to **20** days. **No pay till cured.** Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.**

ADMIRAL COLUMBUS PROTESTS.

"What 's this I hear," cries Christopher,
"About these fool Chinese
Who claim that in Four-ninety-nine
They crossed the western seas?
I 'll not believe," says Christopher,
"A tale so over-ripe;
It strikes me as a flagrant case
Of too much dreamy pipe.

"I 'll hold my ground," says Christopher;
"I do not mean to flunk.
That Chinese fleet compared to mine
Was but a lot of junk.
It buoys me up," says Christopher,
"And lifts my spirits high
To think this silly tale may be
The latest Shanghai lie!"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

REGARD FOR HEALTH.

MISTRESS.—This water has a queer taste.

CAREFUL SERVANT (*who has heard much scientific conversation*).—It 's all right, Mum. There ain't a live germ in it, Mum. I run it through the sausage-cutter.—*New York Weekly.*

BACON.—You know that fellow has got a picture of a former cook hung in his library.

EGBERT.—You don't mean it?

BACON.—Yes; he calls it one of the old masters.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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HIS PREDICTION.

MR. GOODLIVER.—I wonder that Jonathan Oldebucke should send you here! Did he not know that we would be at table?

THE STRANGER.—Well, he said I would find you either at table or under the table!

A SLIGHT CHANGE.

PENN.—I know one of your fellow-citizens very well. Brown 's his name; he 's an office-holder.

STRANGER.—Oh, yes! Tom Brown. He 's given up the office he held.

PENN.—Really? Why, he told me his job was a little sinecure.

STRANGER.—Yes; but after the last election it became a little insecure.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

PRECAUTION.

"What would you do if you were to suddenly fall heir to a fortune?" asked one anarchist.

"That is an absurd question," replied the other. "I am not so short-sighted as you believe. I went through all the family records and made dead-sure that I could n't possibly fall heir to a fortune before I turned anarchist."—*Wash. Star.*

LIVES of candidates remind us
We can think we 're quite sublime,
And in dying leave behind us
Landslides in the sands of time.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE expectation of the impossible is the main thing that lends interest to existence.—*Indianapolis News.*

IT does n't pay to be obstinate. Neither is it wise to attempt to take all the advice offered.—*Washington Post.*

THE GIRLS, in the box coats they are wearing this Winter, look about as graceful as cinnamon bears.—*Atchison Globe.*

Evans' Ale means Contentment

He that hath it—
hath a daily beauty
in his life

Become acquainted with
Evans' Ale and thrill
with inward pleasure

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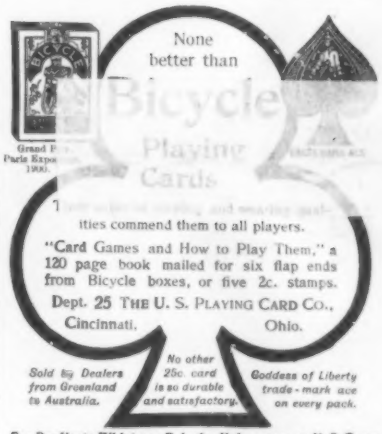

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Each season has seen the luxurious Florida Limited with all the improvements and comforts that the most fastidious traveler could demand. This season the Florida Limited train begins the 20th century as the most magnificent and luxurious train in the world.

It is composed of steam-heated and electric lighted Pullman compartment cars, drawing-room, sleeping, library, dining and observation cars.

There are eight handsomely furnished compartments in the compartment cars. Each is complete in itself, with every convenience of toilet and luxury of appointment. Each room is richly upholstered and finished in a different wood, and contains upper and lower berths. These royal compartments may be used singly or en suite.

The library car, furnished with easy chairs and divans, writing desks, supplied with engraved stationery and the latest periodicals, aid in making the journey delightful and comfortable.

The dining cars are furnished in rare taste; while the cuisine is of the highest grade and every luxury of the season is to be had in abundance.

The observation car, at the rear, is no small feature of this magnificent train.

The New York and Florida Limited from N. Y. 12:40 noon daily, except Sunday, runs solid from New York to St. Augustine, also carrying a Pullman drawing-room sleeping car, New York to Aiken and Augusta. Direct connections are made for Augusta, Aiken, Brunswick, Thomasville and points on the east and west coast of Florida.

For further information, call on or address, Southern Railway, New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway, Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

THE Czar's illness is said to be due to excessive water drinking. John L. Sullivan will be sure to paste this fact in his hat.—*Washington Post.*

JAN 28 1901

MRS. GOODFELLOW.—Yes; here it is one o'clock and James has just come in from his club. He does n't drink much, I know; but the thing has got to stop right here!

"'Yes; there he is, perfectly sober and sound asleep. Now for my little scheme!

"I 'll p'ace his trousers up here—

"—and hang up his umbrella opened and use it for a coat-rack.

"Now, I think he will be somewhat startled when he awakes."

MR. GOODFELLOW *(awaking next morning)*.—Great Scott! What does this mean? I am *sure* I came home all right last night, but, heavens! here is evidence enough that I *did n't!* That third drink must have been too much for me; must have made me think I was all right when I was in a beastly condition. Well, this ends the whole business for *me!*

MRS. GOODFELLOW.—*Well!* I never in all my life! It has come to this, has 't? A man I *once* respected, too! I can see *your* finish, sir! Paresis! Softening of the brain! Drunkard's grave!

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. N.Y.

MR. GOODFELLOW *(after dressing, extremely penitent)*.—My dear, I always take a fair warning. Forgive and forget and I will send in my resignation to the club this very day and promise you never to touch another drop.

MRS. GOODFELLOW *(demurely)*.—All right, George dear!

MR. GOODFELLOW *(as he prepares to leave for the office, aside)*.—And the queerest point of it is, I don't feel any bad effects from it, either! I guess it must have affected my mind and not my body. Well, *I* am done!

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A REFORMATION BY STRATEGY.